



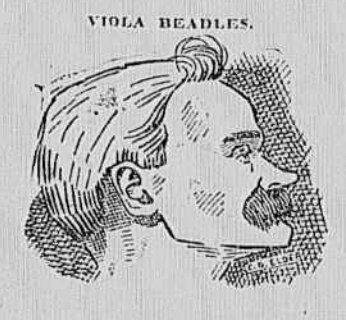
EVELYN E. PHILLIPS.



HELEN L. PERROSS.



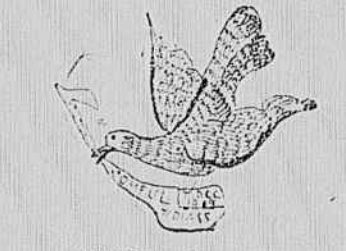
NORA DONOVAN.



VIOLA BEADLES.



C. G. ELDER.



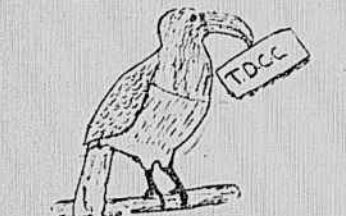
SHELEN TIGNOR.



GEORGE E. PANNILL.



DOROTHY MCCAW.



MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.



M. P. THURSTON.

Correspondence Column

Prize Appreciated.
Dear Editor,—I received my prize just the other day. I don't believe that you could have sent me anything that would be more appreciated than that book. The book came at about 2:30 A. M., and before that evening the book was read through. I think that was fast enough, considering that the book had 230 pages in it. That is the bright side, and as I must tell the dark one. Our local club isn't doing much. There is no contest of interest. We don't have anything to do at club meetings. We have planned a picnic, but that would not keep the interest. Would you advise us to have programs at our club meetings, recitations, declamations, piano solos, etc. All excepting one of our club can play the piano. That one isn't myself, however. What are the T. D. C. C. colors? When we have our picnic, are we going to fix up things fine. It isn't going to be a little lame thing. We will march down the street with the T. D. C. C. pennant in front and the Excelsior next, and, if possible, the members will wear the T. D. C. C. and Excelsior colors. I think that is enough for one time. I remain as always, your ever faithful member,
THEODORE D. COFFMAN.
Bridgewater, Va.

Page Has Fine Drawings.
Dear Editor,—I am here again asking for a little space on each page. I think the page is progressing growing. Every one again takes interest in it, for many fine drawings, puzzles, letters and stories appear every Sunday. My school closes the 15th of May, and my boy and I will be. But between now and then the awful thing which is called examinations will be over, then we will be free until next September. I am going to try to send in contributions more regular, and I hope to see some success and happy thoughts to you and all the members. Sincerely,
EVELYN E. PHILLIPS.
Chase City, Va.

Amelia's New High School.
Dear Editor,—I am positively ashamed of myself for neglecting you so long. I will forgive me, I know, when I explain. All the winter I was busy going to school, and at last had to stop on account of my health. Now that I am at home I shall have plenty of time to write, and shall try to do better work. I have been going to school at Amelia. No doubt you have heard of the new high school, which was recently built there. It is a very good school indeed, and all of us are proud of it. The winter has been perfectly lovely for the last two days, and I enjoy it so much. Everything looks so green and spring-like. I have some little seedlings, which I am hoping to raise. They are as sweet as can be, and I would like so much to have them for pair, but my father doesn't let me touch them. My letter is already too long, so I must stop. Your old member,
WILLIAM E. K. SHANDS, JR.
Manboro, Amelia county, Va.

Send Work to Conference.
Dear Editor,—I am sending some work to the conference. You said you wanted us members to do our very best, and I have indeed tried. Well, members, summer is here at last, one more month, and then vacation. How many are there that are glad? I am for one. I already have the fishing crabs I love to catch, and with a net. The other day I must have caught about fifty. How was that, members? I saw that Will R. Shands' letter that he said my poetry was good. He must have meant Harry for I haven't had any in for a long time and then no one would write my poetry was good. Theodore D. Coffman certainly wrote a fine little piece of poetry, sounds like he had written it for each member's personal benefit. Editor, please give back these mangled sheets of paper, but they were in the back of Harry's diary and got crumpled. I must now close. Hoping some of my work may be exhibited at the conference, your true member,
WILLIAM E. K. SHANDS, JR.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Her School Closes Soon.
Dear Editor,—I have not written to you for some time. Walter has toothache today. He thought his prize was lovely. School lets out 6th of June. I have not failed on any tests, and I do not think I will have any examinations. I believe in a fairy story, which I hope will escape the waste basket. My brother is sending some of his work in with mine. I don't suppose you mind our putting our work in the same envelope. I will close for this time. Your old member,
NORMA W. RISQUE.
Box 52, Buena Vista, Va.

A Snake Catcher.
Dear Editor,—I hope to see this drawing in the paper. It is quite a fine thing I have contributed to the page. I have been catching snakes lately. I caught both a viper and a milk snake, and I have a soap box with a netting top. They escaped, however, through a hole in the box, which did not bother me. I have a snake in my cellar. My turtle has just finished his winter sleep. Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM E. K. SHANDS, JR.
1105 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Go to Amelia Farm.
Dear Editor,—I would like to join your nice club. I possess a little story. I go up to a farm in Amelia in the summer. I was going out one night without a lantern when I happened to look down and saw a mouse. I gave one big spring and landed on the other side. Hoping to see this and my story in print, your true member,
DICK JOHNSON.

A FAIRY STORY.
One day as Mabel was walking through the wood she found a lovely violet. She stooped to pick it, but just then a tiny voice said: "Don't take my home." Looking closer, she discovered a tiny fairy, standing on the edge of a petal. She was dressed in violet and had long golden curls. "I am the violet fairy," she cried. "I am going to give a party. All the blossom fairies will come. You must come, too." "Oh," cried Mabel, "I'm too big."

"Just say: 'Smaller, smaller, shall I grow, for the fairy wills it so,'" said the violet fairy. "Smaller, smaller, shall I grow, for the fairy wills it so," said the violet fairy. Mabel did, and found herself very small. She flew on the violet (for she had wings) and sat down. The blossom fairies came, and the party began. They played games and sang and danced and many other things. Just as they were in the midst of games a cloud blew over them, and the rain began to fall. They all crowded under leaves and waited till the shower was over. Then the sun came out and dried everything. The fairies went on playing. When time for refreshments came, each one placed a flower on the table. Those whose name was Mabel, they grew tired of playing they called some robins to take them for a ride. When the robins brought them back, it was time to go. So they all said good-by, and invited Mabel to come to see them. When they were all gone the violet fairy climbed upon the big leaf where Mabel was resting.

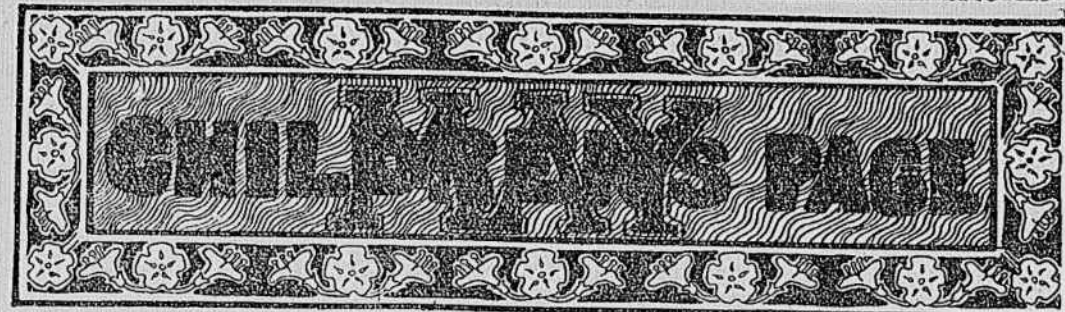
"Oh, I've had such a good time," cried Mabel. "I am glad you enjoyed yourself," said the fairy. "Are you ready to go home now?" "Yes, but I want to go home big," cried Mabel.

The fairy laughed. "Just to say, larger, larger shall I grow, for violet fairy wills it so." Mabel repeated the words and found herself as large as before. Then she ran home very happy. She often went to see the fairies, but she never told anyone about them.

Composed by
NORMA WINFRED RISQUE.
Buena Vista, Va.

A YELLOW BIRD.
I went to bed about 9 o'clock. In the night I dreamed about the bird. This is my dream. The mother bird had all her little ones come to her like a real family. The mother took her little ones out walking. Soon I thought I heard the mother call me. But then I awoke and found it was I myself. ANNE D. GILLIAM.
E. Phillips Street, Petersburg, Va.

A HATTORI.
I went to bed about 9 o'clock. In the night I dreamed about the bird. This is my dream. The mother bird had all her little ones come to her like a real family. The mother took her little ones out walking. Soon I thought I heard the mother call me. But then I awoke and found it was I myself. ANNE D. GILLIAM.
E. Phillips Street, Petersburg, Va.



Editorial and Literary Department

The Exhibit at the Conference

My Dear Boys and Girls:
I am going to be busy getting your exhibit ready for the conference, as I have to send in the work by May 18. Therefore, if you have not already sent your contributions, you need not attempt anything further. The conference will be held in Mechanics' Institute, and your work, in the shape of drawings, puzzles and stories, will be placed by a committee who have the exhibit feature of the conference in charge. I am very much interested, of course, and I hope you are and that you will all try to come and see things for yourselves.

I am representing the Library children by a shelf of books, showing those in which library readers have been most interested. I am hoping that the T. D. C. C. is going to have a good time of work in array to speak for what it has been doing, and thereby greatly gratify.

THE EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE WEEK.
Dick Johnson, 210 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.
Miss E. Louise Winkler, Phillips, Va.
Miss Louise L. Walker, Barboursville, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.
Anthony, Blanche. Perross, Sadie W.
Beadles, Viola. Perross, Helen L.
Baker, Elizabeth. Perross, Grace E.
Clayton, Mary E. Phillips, Evelyn E.
Coffman, T. D. Pannill, Mary H.
Chadwick, W. E. B. Pannill, Amy H.
Davis, J. H. Jr. Poindexter, D. W.
Davis, Edward J. Pocklington, W. R.
Donovan, Nora D. Risque, J. C. Jr.
Dyke, Evelyn E. Risque, Norma W.
Elder, C. G. Shands, W. E. K.
Giles, Robert T. Snow, Katherine
Gilliam, Mary A. Thurston, W. F.
Goode, Robert. Tignor, Thelma
Graham, Alvin. Williamson, Vera
Hartford, Alvin. Wyatt, C. K.
Jones, Edna. Winkler, E. L.
Johnson, Dick. Woody, John A.
McCaw, Dorothy. Walker, Louise
McDowell, C. K. Williams, M. B.
Pannill, George E. Whitehurst, Celia

DIXIE.
Dixie was a shepherd dog. He lived on a farm in Amelia county. There were nine hounds and two bird dogs. Their names are Bob and Spot.

Their master was named R. H. Johnson. There was a horse named Tom. Dixie and Tom were great friends. There was a boy named Dick. Dick and Dixie were friends also. Dixie was a good dog. Once while in the woods he saw a snake and killed it. Sometimes Dick and Dixie would see a rabbit in a field.

One day we went into the woods and saw a big red squirrel. He was scolding them. Once we were in the woods. All of a sudden we stopped. "Hush, Dixie! Be quiet!" Crash! went the sound. What do you think it was? A deer. I saw just before me a doe and a fawn. Dixie bristled up. One spring, and the doe fell dead. The fawn fawn. He grew tame and soon would cut out of my hand.

I am sure Dixie was sorry for what he had done. Composed by
DICK JOHNSON.
(Age nine.)
210 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.

JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc, afterwards known as Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was born in 1412. She was the daughter of Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle de Vouthon. Joan never learned to read or write, but received all her religious instruction from her mother. Her skill in the use of the needle was not excelled by that of any matron, even of Rouen. At this time, through the alliance and Philip the Burgundy, the English had extended their conquest over the whole of France, north of the Loire, as well as the Guienne. All this was greatly owing to the conduct of Isabelle, the mother of Charles, who had disinherited her son in favor of Henry V. of England.

The time had now come when the prophecy of the enchanter, Merlin, was to be fulfilled; that the calamities which would fall upon France through the depravity of a woman would be removed by the instruction of a chaste virgin. To the imagination of the time, there was nothing strange in such a deliverance, because it was not the deliverance of a woman, but of a virgin. The time had now come when the prophecy of the enchanter, Merlin, was to be fulfilled; that the calamities which would fall upon France through the depravity of a woman would be removed by the instruction of a chaste virgin. To the imagination of the time, there was nothing strange in such a deliverance, because it was not the deliverance of a woman, but of a virgin.

At last, in 1428, Orleans, the key to the South, was invested by the English. Under the Earl of Salisbury, Joan, and in December, a strong French army of her parents, renewed, with increased determination, her efforts to win an introduction to the dauphin.

At last she was given an army of about 1,000 or 2,000 men, designed for the relief of Orléans. By a remarkable stroke of good luck, Joan succeeded in cutting Orleans on April 28, 1429, and through the vigorous and successful attacks of the French, she forced the English to raise the siege about the 8th of May. Joan next went to Normandy to assist the Duke of Alençon, and in December returned to the court, where on the 24th she and her family were ennobled with the surname of du Lis.

She was sold to the English by Lancaster and Burgundy, who delivered her over to the Religion for trial. She was publicly executed by a heretic and sorcerer on May 29, and in the end was found guilty. Joan was burned at the stake on the streets of Rouen on May 29, 1431.

WILLIE AND HENRY. Part II.

They worked steady and hard and worked for fifteen years they had about \$10,000, and Henry and Willie built a father and mother a nice house, and moved into it. They lived in it and worked the farm. At last Henry married a pretty young girl, daughter of the rich merchant. At last their father and mother died, and Henry had two pretty little children, and I hope, if nothing has happened to them, they are still happy.

(The End.)
MARIAN LEE NOTLEY.
Upper Zion, Va.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TWINS. CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Grey shut her eyes as if she would turn away from the world. She was ready to die, yet no fear, no alarm, came over her. "What use am I in this weary world?" she uttered.

Just as they fancy she is passing away, her dear little boy cried so pitiful the mother opened her eyes, which had been closed for over twenty-four hours, and saw her devoted husband watching every movement of the pale face.

For two weeks Mrs. Grey hovered on the borders of eternity, and often the anxious friends who watched her felt that they would rather see her die than endure the suffering through which she was being passed.

She bore it silently, meekly, and when the danger seemed over, Mr. Grey could not bear to look at the patient white face so hopelessly calm.

We must pass by sixteen years, and I promised to give the key to the lock of happiness. Let us return to Drew, the gipsy. Only say after sixteen years of searching she found little Edith with Mr. Stowe, to whom her real name was unknown. She was called by them the gipsy little.

After Edith had been in her new home about eighteen months, God sent a beautiful little baby to brighten the home. How happy little Alice was to have a sister. She was called Alice, after her mother.

It was a beautiful evening. Just eleven years after the birth of Alice, when little and her foster-father took a walk in the park. While there Drew happened to see the tattooed arm by which she would always recognize the child. She knew that she would never get the child, and she was safely guarded. Crawling up close to little she drops a bundle in her lap, containing the little ring, dress and locket which had not yet been opened.

Then she told Edith all. Edith fell in her foster-father's arms and cried, "Oh, father, can this be true? Must I give up all I love and hold dear to me? Oh, my mother and sister Alice!" This was more than Drew could stand. She fell dead at Edith's feet.

Edith could have nothing to do with the locket, but gave it to Alice, and before long she had forgotten the gipsy.

As the weather grew warmer Mr. Stowe carried his family to a summer resort. One day while out roving suddenly he became frightened and stepped right into the angry water. She would have been drowned, but a nice young gentleman quickly came to her rescue. She was soon safely lying on the grass. He was dazzled by her beauty, as he was Earl Grey, upon seeing the locket he took the gold key from his pocket and opened it. He found the picture of her mother and father. He recognized his father at once, but his mother was very much changed. "Can this dark-haired girl be my sister? Why, no, because mother told she had blue eyes and golden hair."

Alice soon recovered and told Earl where she got the locket and also all about Edith. Earl knew then where his long-lost sister was. He carried her home with him, and oh! what a happy meeting of mother and daughter. Alice soon became Earl's wife.

(Original End.)
MARIAN WYATT.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

One morn on a far-off battleground a soldier fell in the fray, Pierced by a bullet from an artless hand. On the cold, damp earth he lay. His comrade standing beside him Heard him say in accents low: 'Twas a message for my mother: I must say it ere I go.

"Tell her I've tried to be gallant and brave. With the thought of her always at heart. It grieves me to think of her tender And to know that we must part. 'Till the parting is not forever: She will meet me up above. Where no sorrow is nor sickness. But all is full of love.

"So, comrade, take this message to her. And also this lock of hair: It will comfort her in her sorrow. And help her the trouble to bear."

The soldier's voice was growing fainter. He had just paused to rest: He turned and gazed away. He was fast sleeping "mong the blest." BY COURTNEY KEITH MEADE. Manboro, Amelia county, Va.

THE BRAVERY OF NATALIE COURT-LAND.
There once lived in a small village a little girl by the name of Natalie Courtland. Her father and mother had been killed by the Indians, who were very hostile at that time, and now Natalie, at the age of fourteen, lived alone with her grandmother.

home and told the people what she had heard. As soon as night came they went into the fort. About 1 o'clock the Indians came. The people had almost driven them back, when they found to their great dismay the powder had given out. What was to be done? To run and get some would mean instant death, and if they did not get more they would be captured. Natalie, hearing some one must run quickly to the leader and asked could she get it. He said "No" at once, but she kept begging until he consented; so she ran out before the Indians, who were so surprised to shoot at her until she had started back, then they shot bullets all around her, but she arrived safely.